

Lamentable New Verses Called, LAMENTABLE
The Rich Heiresses Downfal,
O R, CP219.40/39
Sir John Johnsons Farewel;

Being a true Relation how She was drawn in to do that wicked thing, and how her *Guardian* had designed her for her own Son, who now refuses her; With what happened thereupon. As likewise a short Prayer for the unfortunate young Lady:

All Christians that have Ears to Hear,
 And Hearts inclin'd to Pitty;
 Some of you all, bestow a Tear,
 Upon my mournful Ditty.
 In *Queech-Street* did an Heiress live,
 Whose downfal when I sing,
 T'will make the very stones to grieve:
 God prosper long our King.
 For Her a *Scotish* Knight did die,
 Was ever the like seen,
 I shame to say, where, how, or why;
 And so God Save the **QUEEN**.
 To tell the truth she swore a Rape,
 But God knows who was wrong'd,
 For he that did it, did Escape,
 and he did not, was Hang'd.
 She Swore another thing besides,
 Which was indeed a Vice,
 That *Cambel* when she was his Bride,
 Did trouble her but thrice.
 The Fourth time he could do no good,
 Tho' she was of't commanding,
 And strove t'oblige him all she could,
 He fell down Notwithstanding.
 The Devil him sure an ill turn meant,
 I pity his mishap,
 For that which else, had been consent,
 By her was made a Rape.
 Twas this the Young Girls Choller mov'd;
 for the next Morn she swore,
 E're she'd be a wife but three times lov'd,
 she'd rather be his whore.
 Parents take warning by his fall,
 When Maids are in their Teens,
 To marry 'em strait, or they will all,
 Know what the Business means.
 For Girls like Nutts (excuse my Rhyme)
 At bottom growing brown,
 If you don't gather them betimes,
 Will of themselves fall down.
 But dont you Pity now her case,
 Was forc'd to send for Surgeon,
 To shew the man the very place,
 Where once she was a Virgin.
 For now what fool that is not mad,
 Will marry this same Girl,
 That might have been wife to a Lad,
 Was Brother to an Earl.
 The wretched Soul were better dead,
 Now none with her will match,
 Unless her Guardian would her Wed,
 To Doctor O—, or Karch.
 For tho' she meant her Eldest Son,
 Shou'd Wed her for her means,

And pass't an Act to have it done,
 Yet he forbids the Banes.
 The *Col.* has a Noble Soul,
 That scorns a thought so poor,
 As when he knows her Steed is stole,
 To shut the Stable door.
 Mother, quoth he, I understand,
 The nature of these matters,
 Who now will Angle in her Pond,
 Must fish in troubled waters.
 Have I in *Ireland* gotten Fame,
 By following Honours trumpet,
 And think you that I'll stain my name,
 For any *Scotchman's* Strumpet.
 No I'm a man of Warlike Scarlet,
 And cannot be content
 To marry one that is a Harlot,
 By Act of Parliament.
 Why then quo' she, Ah! Son I'm lost,
 I fear you'll live to see't;
 I shall be in a Blanket toss'd,
 I'th' middle of *Queen-Street*.
 The Mob already dayly come,
 And Thundring at my Door,
 Much Lowder then the Noise of Drum,
 They cry out, a Whore a Whore.
 When *Johnson* was to *Tyburn* Coach'd,
 I would not then be heard on,
 For fear I might ha' been debauch'd,
 To a got the poor mans pardon.
 But had I known that 'gainst my choise,
 You would be thus Haranguing,
 I would ha' took his Hundred pound,
 And sav'd the Knight from Hanging.
 She still persisted, he deny'd,
 She wept, and still he swore,
 He scorned her Heiress for his bride,
 The reasons you'd before.
 Beside 'twas she who Hang'd the Knight,
 Trapt by her impious snares,
 But Heaven, I hope, will do her right,
 According to my Prayers.
May she so Whore, that of her pelf,
 By some damn'd Regues she's sham'd,
 And then for grief go hang her self,
 And so in fire be d—d.
 Her carkass like to *Jezabels*,
 May Dogs i'th field devour,
 One Hell's to little for her Ill's,
 I need not say no more.
 God blefs K. *William* and Q. *Mary*,
 And Plenty, and Peace advance,
 And Hang up those with the contrary,
 And then a Fig for *France*.